

About The Egg

He comes to you with hand outstretched
and the happiest face ever.

He'll talk as long as you want
about whatever you want,
but there's also egg on his face.

To see if you'll mention it.
And if you don't,
you'll never speak with him again.

He calls it a negative selector
for polite company.
You know, he says,
that place where
intimacy goes to die?

I mean,
If you're willing to trade
a minor amount of embarrassment
transacted between just the two of us
for the untolled embarrassment
I may walk into when we separate,
then you're not worth having in my life

Of course
there is always the possibility
that it's not egg.
That it's a part of his face.

But if he can't smile, and say
"Actually, it's not egg,
It's a part of my face",
and then crane his neck
to give you a better look,
then he's not worth having in your life.

Always say something about the egg.